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THE SOUTHERN BELLE.
Or, Who Lost the Wager.

CHAPTER. I.

My uncle Ned had set his heart upon marrying me to my cousin Rosalie; but the thing savored of compulsion to me, and I made up my mind to be just as obstinate as the nature of the case might demand..

I confess to being a little sentimental.—I have read heaps oi novels in my day, from the Children of the Abbey down to Bleak House, and the thought of having my uncle pick out my wife for me was tolerably repugnant to my ideas of propriety and the rights of man.

Uncle Ned was a jolly old fellow, and laughed in my face, when I told him I could not think of such a thing as permitting him to select my wife for me. I looked dignified and I felt dignified; and I was not a little mortified when the old fellow haw-hawed right in my face.

'But, my boy, she is as rich as mud—with an income of eight thousand dollars a year,' said he, 'Think of that.'

'My dear uncle. I beg you will deem me above mercenary motives in so important a matter as this,' *I* replied, with a seriousness in keeping with the solemnity of the topic discussed.

'Perhaps you don't mean to take a wife—die an old bachelor—eh?' continued he, poured out another of his abominable 'guffaws.'

'Not so; on the contrary I mean to take a wife just as soon as I can find one exactly suited to my mind.'

'And you don't mean to marry a girl that has got any money?'

'That is perfectly immaterial, sir, as you are aware that my fortune is amply sufficient without the addition of a wife's dowry.'

'But the money wouldn't do any harm, would it?'

'No, I should not object to a lady who possessed the requisite qualifications, because she happened to have a fortune at her disposal, though in my estimation it would add nothing to her fitness to become my wife.'

'Indeed,' drawled Uncle Ned, looking at me with such a funny expression that I could not tell whether he was going to laugh or get mad. I didn't care much for I deemed it beneath his dignity to attempt an interference in such a delicate matter.

'But, Rob, Rosalie is the most beautiful girl in South Carolina. There are thousands of young gentl men of the first families at the South who would jump at the chance to step into your shoes.'

'They can do so sir. I tell you plainly she can never be my wife, if she was a pearl and had all South Carolina for her dowry,' said I, with dignified earnestness.

'Whew!'

'Your sneers will be as useless as your persuasions; they shall not move me.'—

'But, Rob, you know her father earnestly desired that you should be married, before he died,' added the uncle, more seriously.

'It matters not, sir; I must be entirely unembarrassed in the choice of a wife.—Let me tell you plainly, that, if I had no other objection the mere fact that you have attempted to draw me into this marriage were a sufficient reason for me to decline it.'

'Eh! you young puppy, what do you mean by that?'

'Just exactly what I say, viz: that I will neither be led or driven into marriage with Rosalie. I think we have said enough about it.'

I had begun to talk a little colly. He was, in my opinion, treading upon the prerogative of a freeborn citizen.

What did the old fogy mean? Did he think I hadn't sense enough to choose my own wife? Rosalie was entirely out of the question—I could not, on principle, be driven into a matrimonial connection, even though the other party was an angel and had a dowry of eight thousand a year.—

'Mr. Bob, listen to reason. Rosalie is handsome, and graceful, and all that sort of thing; sings like a nightingale, plays the piano and harp and can talk French like a Parisienne.'

'It matters not sir; I object to the principle of the thing, and I repeat, I cannot and will not marry her.'

'Bob you are a fool.'

'Am I.'

'Pon my word you are; you don't know which side your bread is buttered.

'Enough sir!'

'But, Bob, you will pay us that vist won't you?'

'Certainly; but do not flatter yourself I shall make love to Rosalie. I shall go prepared to shun her; yes, to be even uncivil to her. If I am, blame yourself for your impudent interference in my concerns.'

'Saucy puppy!' and my uncle laughed. We were on the most familiar terms.—

'You are a meddler; you make me saucy. I trust I shall always be prompt in resenting any invasion of my natural rights.'

'Hope you will my boy; but I will bet you a thousand dollars you will marry her.

'Done!'

'But on one condition.'

'What?'

'That you come to my estate in South Carolina with a respectable heart—that you are not engaged to another.'

'I accept the condition,' said I grasping his hand; 'uncle, you have lost the bet.'—

'Not yet, Bob; wait a bit.'

It was rather foolish in the old fellow to make such a bet: but I was so sure I could resist the attractions of my cousin even though she proved to be a Venus, that I considered the money already mine and what was far better, that I had won the victory over him.

That night Uncle Ned started for his plantation in South Carolina.

CHAPTER II.

My father died three years before this conversation, leaving me an ample fortune. His two brothers had been in South Carolina for thirty years when the father of Rosalie died leaving my Uncle Ned her guardian.

I had often been told that Rosalie was a very pretty girl; but she had been to the North only once, and then I was travelling in Europe, so I had never seen her.

I had written Uncle Ned, promising to spend a month with him in the autumn.—Business had called him to Boston, where our interview occurred. He had more than once expressed a desire that his brother's property should remain in the family, and pressed me to unite my fate to that of his beautiful niece.

This was out of the question. 'A made up match' was my abomination. Certainly I had no other reason for my violent prejudice against the marriage. I considered it a sacred obligation to fall in love before I took a wife, and the idea of being pledged to Rosalie before I had seen her myself was so absurb that I had no patience to think of it. And then I had a principle for my guidance in affairs of the heart, which absolutely forbade me to think of such a thing as a marriage for convenience.'

The autumn came and I paid my proposed visit to Uncle Ned's plantation in South Carolina.

I was disappointed in my cousin Rosalie. She was a tolerably good looking damsel, but in my opinion very far from being like the beautiful creature she had been pictured to me.

'Isn't she handsome, Bob?' said my uncle. 'Did you ever see such lips, such a head of hair, such eyes, such a graceful form? Isn't she handsome, eh, you dog?' And the old fellow punched me in the ribs and roared with laughter till he nearly split his sides.

I couldn't for the life of me see what he was laughing at.

'Isn't she beautiful, you rougue?' he continued.

'Passible,' I replied very coldly.

'Passible! You puppy! What, do you mean to say Rosalie is not handsome?'

'Tolerably,' I answered, twisting off the leaf of a palmetto, which grew by the side of the bench on which we were seated just to show him how indifferent I was.

'Bob,' said he, looking more soberly, 'I had an idea you were a man of taste; but I see you are as likely to fall in love with one of my black wenches as with the prettiest girl in South Carolina.'

'Who's that, Uncle Ned?'

This remark was called forth by the sudden appearance on the gravel walk of the loveliest creature I ever beheld, and that considering I have flirted with the belles of Paris, Naples and Bome, is saying a great deal. I was confounded by the sudden apparition and springing from my seat as an electric shock had roused the slumbering blood in my veins, I stood bolt upright before her.

Shades of Venus! did any one ever see such a divine expression.

I could neither speak nor move, so completely was I paralyzed by the glorious beauty of the nymph.

'I didn't know there was any one here,' stammered she, with such delectable blush on her cheek, that I nearly went mad with enthusiasm.

Before I could recall my senses the beauty bounded away as lightly as a fawn.

'What the devil ails you, Bob? What are you staring at?' said uncle Ned.

'Who is she?' asked I, clasping my hands in the rapturous excitement of the moment.

'That? Why that's little Sylphie Howard—one of Rosalie's friends, who is spending a few weeks with her,' he replied, indifferently.

'Beautiful!' said I.

'She! Passible!'

'She is divine!'

'Tolerably good looking. but she is nothing compared with my Rosalie.'

I was about to say something saucy, but I thought since Uncle Ned really believed what he said, I would not hurt his feelings by denying it.

At dinner I met both ladies and was formerly introduced to 'little Sylphie Howard.' I was provoked with my uncle when he assigned me a seat next to Rosalie. I could hardly be civil to her, with such a pair of beautiful eyes before me, and I hardly ceased to gaze upon Sylphie during the hour we spent at the table.

After dinner we went out to ride on horseback. Uncle Ned annoyed me again by contriving it so that I could help Rosalie mount her horse, and ride by her side, and he, the provoking old fool—did these offices of gallantry for Sylphie.

'No use, old chap, you shall loose your bet,' thought I, and I tried to be civil to my cousin.

'I don't think I succeeded very well, I am very sure I did not fall in love with her. My eyes rested all the time upon the fair and graceful horse woman who rode before me.

And thus it was for a week. Uncle Ned managed to keep me by the side of Rosalie nearly all the time. If we played whist she was my partner; if we rode in the carriage she sat by my side; if we walked, he monopolized Sylphie and left Rosalie to me—and more than once the old fellow left us alone together as though he thought I was all ready to pop the question, and hand him over the thousand.

But I was discreet. I gave her a wide berth, and sighed for the love of the beautiful Splphie Howard. I was head over heels in love—would have eloped with her in a moment, if she would have consented.

In spite of my uncle's vigilance, however, I found opportunities to flirt a little with Sylphia, and one day I lured her into a grove of palmettos in the rear of the mansion house.

Time was precious. I was the hero of a novel. Cruel uncles in bob-tail wings sought to crush out the affections of my heart. In short I threw myself at her feet and with all the eloquence that Harvard College had been able to crowd into my composition, I declared my love. I used classic terms. I quoted Milton, Byron and Shakspeare, and called on all the gods in the calendar of Greece and Rome.

Did she accept me? of course she did; she couldn't help accepting me—I am not an ill looking fellow, let me say, in extenuation of her weakness, and I had popped the question in a decidedly original manner.

I printed twenty-four kisses on each of her pretty cheeks, and she blushed till I thought her eye-lashes would take fire and cheat me of my prize.

We kept our council for two or three weeks, and one morning, when we were riding out, we got away from Uncle Ned and Rosalie and clipped it away about ten miles to a clergyman, who was so obliging as to supply us with a marriage certificate.

We rode back more leisurely. I was in my element. An elopement was just the kind of excitement to suit me.

We got back to Uncle Ned's about dinner time.

'Where have you been?' asked Uncle Ned.

'Over to Mr———'s. Allow me to present my wife,' said I, with a perfect nonchalance.

'The deuce.'

'Just so; and Uncle Ned you have lost the wager. One thousand, if you please,' said I holding out my hand.

'No, you don't you puppy.'

'Fairly won.'

'Is it Rosalie?' said he turning to my wife.

'Eh, what do you mean, Sylphie.'

'Ha, ha, ha,' roared Uncle Ned.

I didn't know what to make of the affair at all.

'You have lost Bob,' cried the jolly old fellow, as soon as he could speak.

'No.'

'Fact, Bob,' said he, pointing to her I had hitherto known as my cousin, 'this is Sylphie Howard.

'You have cheated me, then.'

'I have cheated you into the handsomest wife, and the biggest fortune in South Carolina. The fact is, Bob, you were prejudiced against Rosalie. You came here resolved to be uncivil to her. I determined to give her a fair chance, though I had to tease the jade into compliance. You are caught.'

'Not quite, Uncle Ned; this is not a legal marriage. Rosalie was united to me under a ficticious name.

'I don't care a straw for that. You married the lady you held by the hand. But Bob, we will have it over again. Do you say so, you dog?'

Of course I did say so. I would not have lost my divinity for all the treasure in South Carolina. I paid over the money, and Uncle Ned gave it to the free schools of the State.

A few weeks after we were re-married, and I returned to the North with my Rosalie, the most beautiful and the most loving wife that ever lighted the destiny of a wayward fellow like myself.

Husband and Wife in China.—'In some cases, pecuniary interest is the only motive capable of restraining within some limits the harshness of the Chinese towards their wives. When they do treat them with gentleness and moderation, it is usually on a principle of economy, as you might spare a beast of burden because it cost you money, and because, if you killed it, you would have to replace it. This hideous calculation is by no means a mere supposition of ours. In a large village to the north of Pekin, we were once witnesses of a violent quarrel between a husband and wife. After having for a long time abused each other with some tolerably inoffensive projectiles, their anger still increasing, they began to break everything in the house. Several of the neighbors tried in vain to restrain them, and at length, the husband, seizing a great paving stove from the courtyard, rushed furiously into the kitchen, where the wife was expending her wrath upon the crockery, and strewing the floor with the ruins. When the husband rushed in with the paving-stone everybody hurried forward to prevent a calamity that seemed imminent—there was no time—but the fellow dashed his paving-stone not against his wife, fortunately, but against his great iron kettle, which he stove in with a blow. The wife could not out-do this piece of extravagance, and so the quarrel ceased. A man who was standing by, then said, laughing, to the husband:—You are a fool, my elder brother; why did'nt you break your wife's head with the stone, instead of the kettle! Then you would have had peace in the house.' 'I thought of that,' replied the husband' 'but it would have been foolish. I can get my kettle mended for two hundred sapecks, and it would have cost me a great deal more to buy another wife.'—*Hack's Trav.*

'Bridget, are the eggs boiled?' '*I* don't know, sure, I left them to bile by the watch 'Boil by the watch, why what do you mean. 'Sure, didn't ye tell me to bile thim three minutes by the watch? And faith I did, I've laid thim in the kittle together.'

'I say, Jim,' inquired a young urchin of his companion but a few years older than himself 'What does p. m. mean after them figures on that ere railway bill?' Jim responds, conscious of his own wisdom, 'Prnny-a-mile, to be sure!'

An American Sampson.

As late as the year 1836 there lived in Western Virginia a man whose strength was so remarkable as to win him the title of "The Western Sampson." He knew nothing of his birth or parentage, but supposed he was born in Portugal, whence he was stolen when a chil l and carried to Ireland. His earliest recollections were those of boyhood in the latter country. While yet a lad he apprenticed himself to a seacaptain for seven years, in pay for a passage to this country. On his arrival his time and services were sold to a Mr. Winston, of Virginia, until the breaking out of the Revolution. Being of an adventurous turn of mind, he sought and obtained permission of his master to join the army, and was engaged in active service during the whole contest. Such was his strength and personal bravery that no enemy could resist him. He wielded a sword, the blade of which was five feet in length, as though it had been a feather, and every one who came in contact with him paid the forfeit of his life. At Stony Point he was one of the "Forlorn Hope," which was advanced to cut away the abattis and next to Major Gibson, was the first man to enter the works. At Brandywine and Monmouth, he exhibited the most fearless bravery; and nothing but his inability to write prevented his promotion to a commission. Transferred to the South he took part in most of the engagements in that section, and towards the close of the war he was engaged in a contest which exhibited in a striking manner his self-confidence and courage.

One day while reconoitering he stopped at the house of a man by the name of Wilson, to refresh himself. While at the table he was suprised by nine British troopers who rode up to the house and told him he was their prisoner. Seeing that he was so greatly outnumbered, he pretended to surrender; and the dragoons seeing he was apparently peacefully inclined, after disarming him allowed him considerable liberty, while they sat down to partake of the food which he had left when disturbed. Wandering out in the door-yard he was accosted by the paymaster, who demanded of him everything of value he had about him, at the risk of his life in the case of a refusal. 'I have nothing to give,' said Francisco, 'so use your pleasure.' 'Give up those massive silver buckles in your shoes,' said the dragoon. 'They were the gift of a friend,' replied Francisco, 'and give them to you—I never shall; take them if you will; you have the powes, but I will never give them to any one.'

Putting the sabre under his arm, the soldier stooped down to take them. Francisco seeing the opportunity which was too good to be lost, seized the sword, and drawing it with force from under his arm, dealt him a severe blow across the skull. Although being severely wounded, yet being a brave man, the dragoon drew a pistol and aimed it at his antagonist, who was too quick for him, however; and as he pulled the trigger, a blow from the sword nearly severed his wrist, and placed him hors de combat. The report of the pistol drew the other dragoons into the yarrd, as well as Wilson, who very ungenerously brought out a musket which he handed to one of the soldier and told him to make use of it. Mounting the only horse they could get, he presented the muzzle at the breast of Francisco, and pulled the trigger. Fortunately it missed fire, and Francisco closed in upon him. A short struggle ensued, which ended in his disarming and wounded the soldier. Tarleton's troop of four hundred men were now in sight, and the other dragoons were about to attack him. Seeing his case was desperate, he turned toward an adjourning thicket, and, as if cheering on a party of men, cried out, 'Come on my brave boys, nows your time; we will soon dispatch these these few, and then attack the main body!' at the same time rushing at the dragoons with the fury of an enraged tiger.

They did not wait to engage him, but fled precipitately to the troops, panic struck and dismayed. Seizing upon the tritorous villain, Wilson, Francisco was about to dispatch him; but he begged and plead so hard for his life, that he forgave him and told him to secrete for him the eight horses which the soldier had left behind them. Perceiving that Tarleton had dispatched two other dragoons in search of him, he made off into the adjoining wood, and, while they stopped at the house, he, like an old fox, doubled upon the rear and successfully evaded their vigilance. The next day he went to Wilson's for his horses, who demanded two of them for his services and generous intentions. Finding his situation dangerous, and surrounded by enemies where he should have found friends, Francisco was compelled to make the best of it, and left with six horses, intending to revenge himself upon Wilson at a future time; 'but,' as he said, 'Providence ordained that I should not to be his executioner; for he broke his neck by a fall from one of the heavy horses,'

Many other anecdotes are told of Francisco, illustrative of his immense strength and personal prowess. At Camden, where Gates was defeated, he retreated, and after running along the road some distance, he sat down to rest himself. He was accosted by a Brittish dragoon, who presented a pistol and demanded his immediate surrender. His gun being empty he feigned submission and said he would surrender—at the same time remarking that his gun was of no further use to him, he presented it sideways to the trooper, who, reaching for it, threw himself off his guard, when Francisco, quick as thought, ran him through with the boyonet, and as he fell from his horse he mounted him and continued his retreat. Overtaking his commanding officer, Col. Mayo, of Powhattan, he gave him up the animal, for which act of generosity the colonel afterwards presented him with a thousand acres of land in Kentucky.

The following anecdote exemplifying his peaceful nature and his strength, if also told of of Francisco. How true it is we cannot say, but we tell it as it was told to us many years ago, while he was still living in Buckingham county.

One day while working in his garden he was accosted by a stranger, who rode up to the fence and inquired if he knew where a man by the name of Francisco lived?

Raising himself up from his work, and eyeing his interrogator, who appeared to be one of the 'half-horse, half-alligator' breed of Kentuckians, he replied, 'Well, stranger, I don't know of any persons in these parts but myself.'

'Well, I reckon you ain't the man I'm after. I wan't to find the great fighting man I've heard tell so much about. The feller, they say, can whip all creation and old Kentuck to boot.'

'I can't tell you stranger where you will find that man. I don t know such a man,' said Francisco—resuming his work as a hint to the other that the conference was ended, but the Keatuckian was not to be bluffed off, as he would term it. 'Look 'ere, stranger,' said he, returning to the charge, 'what might your name be?'

'My name is Peter Francisco, at your service.'

'Ah!' returned the other 'you're just the man I wan't to find,' at the same time riding inside the fence, he dismounted and tied the animal—a rough, ungainly Indian pony to one of the posts.

'My name is Big Bill Stokes, all the way from Old Kentuck. I am the Kentucky game chicken, I am. I can outrun, out-hop, out-jump, knock-down, drag-out, and whip any man in all them diggings. So, as I heard tell of a fellow down hereabouts who could whip all creation, I thought I'd saddle Old Blossom, and just ride over and see what stuff he's made of, and here I am. And now, stranger I'm most starved for a fight, and I am boun t to see who is the best man before I go home. It's all in good feeling you know; and if you lick me, why, I'm satisfied. But—'

'Stop a minute, stranger,' said Francisco; 'you've mistaken the man entirely; I'm no fighting man at all; and if I was I've nothing against you to fight you about.'

'Well, I don't know, is there any other Peter Francisco in these parts?'

'No—not that I know of.'

'Well then, you're the man, and you must fight. I've come all the way from Old Kentuck, and I ain't agoing back without knowing which is the best man.'

But I wont fight. I've got nothing to fight about, and I tell you I won't fight.'

'Darn'd if you shan't fight stranger—I'm bound to lick you if I can; if I don't you must lick me.'

By this time Francisco had become angry at the importunity of his visitor, and determined to put an end to the scene.—Seizing his antagonist, therefore, by the seat of his buckskin breeches and the colar of his hunting shirt, he threw him over the fence into the road; then walking leisurely to where his poney was tied, he unfastened him, and taking him up by main strength threw him after his discomfited rider.

The Kentuckian raised himself from the ground, perfectly dumfounded by such a exhibition of strength, and, after rubbing his eyes as though he might have not seen clearly, he mounted the pony—remarking, 'Well, stranger, I reckon you'll do, I reckon it's about time for me to make tracks. If any body asks you about that great fight, you can tell em you licked Bill Stokes most confoundedly.'

Francisco was a powerful built man, standing six feet and one inch in height, weighing 200 pounds. His muscular system was extraordinarily developed, and he had been known to shoulder with ease a cannon weighing 1,1000 pounds, and a gentleman of undonbted veracity, still living in Virginia, who knew him well says, 'he could take me—playing my head against the ceiling as though *I* had been a doll baby. My weight was 195 pounds. His wife, who was a woman of good size and fair proportions, he would take in his right hand, and, holding her out at arm's length would pass around the room with her and carry her up and down stairs in this position. He would take a barrel of cider by the chimes, and, holding it to his mouth would drink from the bung a long and hearty draught without any apparent exertion.

Yet with all his strength he was a very peacfully disposed man, and never made use of his power except in case of necessity about his usual vocations or defense of the right. On occasions of outbreaks at public gatherings, he was better at rushing in and preserving the public peace than all the conservative authorities on the ground. Although uneducated he was withal a companionable man, and his anecdotes and stories of war, of which he possessed a rich fund, rendered him a welcome guest in the first families of the State. His industrious and temperate habits, together with his kind disposition, made him many friends; and through their influence he was appointed Sergeant-at-arms of the Virginia House of Delegates, in which services he died in 1836 He was buried with military honors in the public burial ground at Richmond.

'Billy, my boy,' said a short sighted and rather intemperate father to his son, a bright eyed little fellow of about five summers; 'did you take my glasses?'

'No, sir,' but my mother says she guesses as how you took em fore you come home.'

'What is the chief use of bread? asked an examiner at a school examination.—'The chief use of bread,' answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, 'the chief use of bread is to spread butter and lasses on.'

From the Albany Register.

A SHY AT THE CATS.

We stated, a long time ago, that there would be trouble some moonlight night among the cats that congregate on the long shed in the rear of our dwelling. We gave notice that we had wasted more wood on them than we were able to spare, that we had used up all the brickbats that we could lay our hands on—that we had thrown away something less than a ton of coal—and smashed a window on the opposite block. All this proving of no avail, we said we had a double-barrelled gun, and percussion caps, and powder and shot; and some morning after a moonlight night somebody's cat would'nt come to breakfast, or if it did it would be troubled with the dumps. We gave fair notice of our greiveances, and what we intended to do about them.

Well, the moon came up on Monday night, with her great round face, and went walking up the sky with a queenly step, throwing her light like a mantle of brightness, over all the earth! We love the calm of a moonlight night, in the still Spring time, and the cats of our part of town love it too; for they come from every quarter—from the sheds around the National Garden—from the kitchens and from the stables—creeping stealthily and softly along the tops of the fences, and along the sheds and clambering up the boards that lean up against the out buildings, they sat themselves down, more or less of them, in their trysting place—right opposite our chamber window. To all this we had, in the abstract, no objection. If a cat chooses to go out for his pleasure or his profit, it is no particular business of ours, and we have'nt a word to say. Cats have rights and we have no disposition to interfere with them. But they must keep the peace.—They must get up no disorderly meetings, no unlawful assemblies. If they choose to hold a convention they can do it for all us—but they must go about it decently and in order.

They must talk matters over calmly; there must be no rioting, no fighting.—They must refrain from the use of profane language—they mus'nt swear. There's law against all this, and we warned them long ago that we would stand no such nonsense. We said we'd let drive among them with a double barrelled gun loaded with powder and buck shot, and we meant it. But those cats didn't believe a word we said. They didn't believe we had any gun, or knew how to use it if we had.—And one great Maltese (with eyes like tea plates and a tail like a Bologna sausage!) grinned and sputtered and spit, in derision and defiance at our threats. 'Very well!' said we, 'very will, Mr. Tom Cat, very well indeed! On your head be it, Mr. Tom Cat. Try it on Mr. Tom Cat, and see who'll get the worst of it.'

We said the moon came up Monday night with her great round face; and all the little stars hid themselves as if ashamed of their twinkle in the splendor of her superior brightness. We retired after the baby had been put to sleep in his crib, and the rumble of the carriages and carts had ceased in the streets and the scream of the ten o'clock train had died away into silence with a quiet conscience, and in the confidence that we should find that repose to which one who has wronged no man during the day is justly entitled. It may have been eleven o'clock, possibly midnight when we were awakened from a pleasant slumber by a babel of unearthly sounds in the rear of our chamber. We knew what those sounds meant—they had cost us fuel enough to have lasted a week. We raised the window; and there, as of old, right opposite to us, on the north end of that long shed, was an assemblage of all the cats in that part of the town. We won't be precise as to numbers, but it is our honest belief that there were less than three hundred of them; and if one among them all was silent, we didn't succeed in discovering which it was. There was that same old Maltese, with his great saucer eyes and sausage tail; and over against him sat a monstrous brindle; and off at his right was an old spotted ratter; and on his left was one, black as a wolf's mouth, all but his eyes, which glared with sulphurous and lurid brightness; and dotted all around over a space of thirty feet square, were dozens more, of all sizes and colors and such growling and spitting, and shrieking, and swearing, never before broke with hideous discord, the silence of midnight.

We loaded our double baerelled gun by candle-light; we put plenty of powder and a handful of shot into each barrel. We adjusted the caps carefully, and stepped out of the window upon the narrow roof upon which it opens. We were then just eight rods from the cat convention, and we addressed ourselves to the chairman, (the old Maltese,) in a distinct and audible voice, and cried 'Scat!' He didn't recognize our right on the floor, but went right on with the business of the meeting 'Scat!' cried we again more emphatically than before, but were answered by an extra shriek from the chairman, and a fiercer scream from the whole assembly.—'Scat, once!' cried we again, as we brought our gun to a present. 'Scat, twice!' and we aimed straight at the chairman, and covering half a dozen others within range. 'Scat, three times!' and we let drive. Bang! went the right barrel—and bang! went the left hand barrel.—Such scampering; such leaping off the shed, such running away over the eaves of the out-buildings, over the tops of the woodsheds, were never seen before. The echos of the firing had scarsely died away when the whole assemblage was broken up and disappeared.

'Thomas,' said we next morning to the boy who does chores for us, 'There seems to be a cat asleep out on that shed—go up and scare it away.' Thomas clambered upon the shed and went to where that cat lay and lifting it up by the tail hallooed back to us. 'This cat can't be waked up; it can't be scared away—its dead!' After examining it a moment, 'Some body has been a shootin of it, by thunder!' said he as he tossed it down into the yard.

'You don't say so!' said we. That cat was the old Maltese, the chairman of that convention—but he won't preside over another very soon. We don't know where he boarded, or who claimed title to him. What we know is, that it cost a quarter to have him buried; and all we ask is that he should pay us back our quarter and the difference between his value and that of the powder and shot we expended on him. We'll throw in the vexation of being broke of our rest, and the wickedness of using certain expletives—under the excitement of the occasion—which are not to be found in any of the religious works of the day.

The English and French.

The French intellect is quick and active. It flashes its way into a subject with the rapidity of lighting; seizes upon remote conclusions with a sudden bound and its deductions are almost intuitive.—The English intellect is less rapid, but more persevering; less sudden, but more sure in its deductions. The quickness and modility of the French enable them to find enjoyment in the multiplicity of sensations. They speak and act more from immediate impressions than from reflection and mediation. They are therefore more social and communicative; more fond of society and of places of public resort and amusement. An Englishman is more reflective in his habits. He lives in the world of his own thoughts, and seems more self existent and self dependent. He loves the quiet of his own apartment; even when abroad, he in a manner makes a little solitude around him, by his silence and reserve; he moves about shy and solitary, and as it were, buttoned up, body and soul.

The French are great optimists; they seize upon very good as it flies, and revel in the passing pleasure. The Englishman is too apt to neglect the present good in preparing against the possible evil. However adversities may lower, let the sun shine but for a moment, and forth sallies the mercurial Frenchman, in holiday dress and holiday spirits, gay as a butterfly, as though his sunshine were perpetual; but let the sun beam never so brightly, so there be but a cloud in the horizon, the wary Englishman ventures forth distrustfully, with his umbrella in his hand.

The Frenchman has a wonderful facility at turning small things to advantage. No one can be gay and luxurious on smaller means; no one requires less expense to be happy. He practices a kind of gilding in his style of living and hammers out every guinea into gold leaf. The Englishman, on the contrary, is expensive in his enjoyments. He values everything, whether useful or ornamental, by what it costs.—He has no satisfaction in show unless it be solid and complete. Everything goes with him by the square foot. Whatever display he makes, the depth is sure to equal the surface.

The Frenchman's habitation, like himself, is open, cheerful, bustling and noisy. He lives in a part of a great hotel, with wide portal, paved court, a spacious, dirty stone staircase, and a family on every flour. All is clatter and chatter. He is good humored and talkative with his servants, sociable with his neighbors, and complaisant to all the world. Anybody has access to himself and his apartments; his every bedroom is open to visitors, whatever may be its state of confusion; and all this not from any peculiarly hospitable feeling but from that communicative habit which predominates over his character.

The Englishman, on the contrary, ensconces himself in a snug brick mansion which he has all to himself; locks the front door, puts broken bottles along its walls and spring guns and man-traps in his gardens; shrouds himself with trees and window curtains; exults in his quiet privacy, and seems disposed to keep out noise; daylight and company. His house like himself has a reserved, inhospitable exterior; yet who ever gains admittance is apt to find a warm heart and warm fireside within.

The French excel in wit, the English in humor; the French have gayer fancy, the English richer imaginations. The former are full of sensibility, easily moved, and prone to sudden and great excitement, but their excitement is not durable; the English are more phlegmatic, not so easily affected, but capable of being roused to great enthusiasm. The faults of these opposite temperaments are, that the vivacity of the French is apt to sparkle up and be frothy; the gravity of the English to settle down and grow muddy. When the two characters can be fixed in a medium—the French from effervescence and the English from stagnation—both will be found excellent.

This contrast of character may also be noticed in the great concerns of the two nations. The ardent Frenchmen is all military renown; he fights for glory, that is to say for success in arms. For provided the national flag be victorious, he cares little about the expense, the injustice, or the inutility of the war. It is wonderful how the poorest Frenchman will revel on a triumphant bulletin; a great victory is meat and drink to him; and at the sight of a military sovereign, bringing home captured stanards, he throws up his greasy cap in the air, and is ready to jump out of his wooden shoes for joy.

John Bull, on the contrary, is a reasoning, considerate person. If he does wrong, it is in the most rational way imaginable. He fights because the good of the world requires it. He is a moral person, and makes war upon his neighbor for the maintenance of peace and good order, and sound principles. He is a money making personage, and fights for the prosper-